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Atlantic Guardian's Platform

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To promote trade and travel in the Island;

To encourage development of the Island's natural resources;

To foster good relations between Newfoundland and her neighbors.

Atlantic Guardian

THE MAGAZINE OF NEWFOUNDLAND

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DEC., 1951

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· A Letter Worth Framing

THE following letter, received by Mr. and Mrs. Walter H. Thistle of St. John's, speaks for itself as an eloquent testimonial of how strangers to our country can become friends and boosters of our hospitality and tourist attractions.

S.S. Nova Port, August 3rd, 1950.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter H. Thistle, St. John's, Newfoundland.

Dear Friends:

We could not leave the shores of your delightful Province of Newfoundland without again expressing our individual and collective thanks for your gracious hospitality and many kindnesses.

We were all newcomers to Britain's oldest colony, which we are now proud is part of our beloved Canada. Through your kindness, we were enabled to see some of the beauties of your land, and our first impressions, formed from a superficial view, under unfavorable conditions (rain) were dissipated and replaced by a recognition of the fact that every part of our great country has its own distinctive features and types of beauty.

Had it not been for you, we probably would have left Newfoundland with an entirely different impression from that which we now carry away.

We enjoyed our association with you both and your fine son Douglas, on board ship and ashore, and we hope that we will have the opportunity of renewing friendship when you come to our respective cities—Montreal and Toronto.

We are deeply grateful for all that you did to make our visit more interesting and enjoyable.

Please accept the accompanying little gift which Capt. Belanger is good enough to convey on our behalf, as a slight but tangible expression of our appreciation, and as a memento of a memorable and happy occasion.

With most cordial regards,

J. A. St. Amour L. H. Greening H. Hustin

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by BRIAN CAHILL

Labor raises honest sweat;
Leisure puts you into debt.
Labor gives you rye and wheat;
Leisure gives you naught to eat.
Labor makes your riches last;
Leisure gets you nowhere fast.
Labor makes you swell with pride;
Leisure makes you shrink inside.
Labor keeps you fit and prime;
But give me leisure every time.

 As a proud subscriber to the noble sentiment expressed in the last line of the above verse, we are very interested in a labor-saving suggestion to hand this month from our friend and colleague Ronald J. Cooke.

Ron was very taken with a little joke we perpetrated about two Guardian Angles ago concerning a wabbit that was resting in a Westinghouse. He suggested that it might be an excellent idea if we devoted a certain space in this corner every month to readers' favorite jokes. He even offered to get the ball rolling by contributing one about a race between a mouse, a bee and a Vitamin B. Of course, he explained, the Vitamin B 1!

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When the pained silence had died down we began to perceive that, apart from the joke, there was merit in Mr. Cooke's suggestion.

As that great philosopher and humanitarian Ogden Nash once said:

"We would live all our life in nonchalance and insouciance.

Were it not for making a living, which is rather a nouciance."

And since this column contributes in some small measure to our modest income, and since jokes sent in by readers would fill at least some of the space herein, and since this would save wear and tear on our gray cells and add to our nonchalance and insouciance, we hereby declare the project in being.

You are therefore invited to dust off those old gags that have been lying around in the attic for years and send them to this branch of the Nearly New Shop where they will be disposed of in aid of a very worthy cause indeed.

One warning!

A pun is the lowest form of humor, so please avoid them. We simply can't abide this sorth of thing:

"Flo was fond of Ebenezer;

'Eb', for short she called her beau.

Talk of Tides of Love, great Caesar!

You should have seen them—
Eb and Flo."

 Next we have a picture of a happy A Newfoundlander, living in the United States and making his first trip home in 44 years.

The picture was sent to us by Elsie (Mrs. Joshua W.) Matthews, 55 First Street, Medford, Mass., who tells us that the man holding the fish is her husband, a native of Grand Bank, on a trip back home last August. Says Mrs. Matthews:

"We went up the coast in the"Bar

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Who Wouldn't Smile!!

Haven" to Grand Bank and on our return motored to St. John's, stopping off at Carbonear, Harbor Grace and Bay Roberts (my mother and father were born in Carbonear). This was my first trip home since I was five years old and I can truthfully say Newfoundland is a beautiful country and the people in it are wonderful."

A very nice sentiment in which we heartily concur.

● And we have a very nice note from Dave Collins of 345 Argyle Avenue, Verdun, who also sends us a photo reproduced herewith.

Dave, a native of Spaniards Bay, says that the picture shows him, his daughter Irene and her two small daughters all of whom are very proud of their Newfoundland heritage.

Main reason for Dave's letter, however, is to tell us how much he enjoyed George H. Smith's "masterpiece" "When the Jewelry Man Came," published a couple of issues ago. Personal Planning

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"George, you sure hit the bullseyeit's tops," he says.

Recently retired from the C.P.R., Dave remembers working as baggageman on the old Newfoundland Railway in 1904 and 1905, when he made the trip from St. John's to Port-aux-Basques once a week.



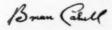
Dave Collins-and Family

"It was tough going, especially in winter,' he says.

He has been long gone from his native land but is "still as homesick as ever for the place where I first saw daylight," and tells us that he relieves his homesickness a little by buying the Atlantic Guardian every month at the corner of Peel and St. Catherine Streets in Montreal.

"May God bless and guide our old land," he concludes.

And on that note we conclude also.





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Jhe Bank Jhat "Newfies" Built

by MELBA LENT

IN 1894, Newfoundland's only two banks collapsed, leaving her in a state of crisis. The Bank of Nova Scotia moved across the strait and opened a branch bank within 11 days of the catastrophe—the first outside bank to operate in Newfoundland—and much grief and misery was averted.

Fifty-five years later, and 3,500 miles away, Newfoundlanders repaid the favor. The Bank of Nova Scotia had outgrown its britches in Torointo and a new suit was needed. In fact, the Bank planned to erect a 26-floor structure that was to be the most modern building in Canada. They gave the job to a contractor — and Taylor Whelan and his crew moved in.

Responsibility for the steel work was turned over to Taylor Whelan a Newfoundlander who set out from Conception Bay in 1912 to seek his fortune. His superintendent on the job was "Billy" Wells whose father came from Brigus. Oldest steel workers was 75-year-old Dick Wells (no relation) of



Clarke's Beach. In fact, 30 of the 103 steel workers who piled up the skeleton for the gigantic structure, which now contributes office space for 15,000 workers, were Newfoundlanders.

When the building had its gala opening, September 25, complete with television and a Highland band, Premier Joseph Smallwood sent his greetings.

"First of the colonies, last of the provinces, most energetic region in the Dominion, Newfoundland since 1894 has been served by the Bank of Nova Scotia. Since its establishment as first British colony in the new world before the Pilgrim Fathers heard of North America, Newfoundland has stood, first outside and now within Confederation, as Canada's bastion of the North Atlantic.

"Through wars and fires and economic adversity we have won to the threshold of our place in the sun — and we have won it the hard way, our backs to our own sea walls, our eyes on our destiny.

"Only true Maritimers like the founding fathers of this Bank could have had the sagacity before the turn of the century to establish a branch, the first of many, in our sea-lapped capital of St. John's.

"Now thrusting forward with new pride, new hope, new confidence, Newfoundland sees in this occasion the economic coming of age of the country with whom we have joined our future."

In all, there were 60 Newfoundland steel workers working for Dominion Bridge, the company which contracted to build "the new bank building".

Where do they all come from? "From every cove and bay in

Newfoundland," Taylor Whalen will tell you with a twinkle in his brown eyes. "And there's lots more, working for other construction companies."

Newfoundlanders take naturally to construction work, and make superior "steel monkeys", he maintains, because of their early years on the fishing boats.

"They all started the way Dick and I did—on the boats." he explained, with an affectionate nod at the grizzled, white-haired steel worker. "They're good riggers—used to climbing around the boats—well suited to the rigors of working outside in all kinds of weather."

Certainly, in the case of the Bank of Nova Scotia building, these qualities were essential, for men were working through the sea-



Nostalgia for the thrill of working "up on top" sometimes grips Newfoundlander Billy Wells. His job as superintendent keeps him tied to blueprints and the office much of the time.

sons, for 20 months (though I'm ashamed to admit it took us so long," the foreman added). They worked 355 feet above sea level and tossed a total of 150,000 rivets to hold the \$10,000,000 edifice together.

"Why there are more accidents in homes than on construction work!" Whelan pooh-poohed the idea of danger.

"You'll find Newfoundlanders rivetting, erecting, oxygen-acetylene burning, arc welding—but mostly just climbing around on top," he explained with a chuckle.

"There's a fascination in the work that makes up for weather and danger," added Billy Wells nostalgically. Billy worked his way up from apprenticeship to superintendent and now spends his time leaning over blue prints instead of helping to swing girders.

This apprenticeship system is universal in the steel business. Taylor Whelan himself started his career in steel beside Billy's dad. Billy's two brothers served their terms and one is now foreman in the same company. Dick Wells got his start in New England back in 1905.

As far as the Bank of Nova Scotia building is concerned, however—while they realize that it marks an important step in architectural history—to them it was merely another job to be erected according to specification. It was a litle taller than most, with straight, uncluttered lines—but basically the steel work wasn't much different from the Bank of Montreal they had worked on the year before—or the new O'Keefe's building the same crew are working on now.



Taylor Whelan, foreman on the Bank of Nova Scotia job, takes a personal pride in Toronto's giant new building.

"I hear it's quite a building," said Taylor Whelan. "I'll have to get down and see it one of these days."

And it is "quite a building" that they have tucked in and around that steel work that Taylor and his crew so carefully erected.

The whole thing weighs 200,000,000 pounds. The girders have been iced with 155,000 cubic feet of Indiana stone. There is enough concrete in the bank to make 100 miles of ordinary sidewalk. The whole is garnished with magnificent murals carved into the stone, and depicting scenes from Greek mythology.

Within the building are the most up-to-date air conditioning systems, heating, fire extinguishing,



The Bank of Nova Scotia building was Dick Wells' last "outside" job. Most of his work is now confined to the tool shop, where his record of 46 years as a steel worker makes him something of an oracle. Premier Smallwood sent a message of greeting when the bank was completed—as did many other men in important roles. With the number of islanders who took part in the job, the construction of the Bank has a true Newfoundland flavor.

and elevator systems, sound-absorbing ceilings and tiled floors. In the bank itself, a fortune in cash, coin, securities and personal safety deposit boxes is stowed in the most modern vaults in North Amercia. The two-storey vaults were erected on rock foundations more than 40 feet below street level with the subbasement floor suspended above the foundation to allow an inspection space that is constantly under surveillance through illuminated mirrors. Mirrors similarly surround the vault walls which are completely detached from the main building structure. There is a two-inch bullet proof, armour-plated glass guarding the vault doors, and three 52-ton doors and a smaller one, three feet thick, which were designed "to provide security against fire theft and modern war conditions to the limit of today's experience." They are secured by three-foot specially heavy reinforced concrete walls which are completely steel plated. The upper or first basement level of these vaults is equipped with batteries of stainless steel safety deposit boxes. The lower or sub-basement floor is fitted with stainless steel security compartments for storage of the bank's cash and securities.

One of these days, Taylor Whelan may go and see all this, that his handiwork helped to provide. Of course, the Newfoundland Association takes up a lot of his time. He used to be president. But maybe he and Dick will take some of their grandchildren down to see "the building grandad built." They're both grandfathers six times over.



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Sea Going Clinic

A FLORENCE Nightin g a le afloat is the M. V. Christmas Seal, sea-going X-ray clinic of the Newfoundland Tuberculosis Association and when the trim, business-like boat finished her coastal cruises this year she had brought Newfoundland that much nearer a clean bill of health.

Cruising in and out of the tiny, scattered bays of Newfoundland's sawtooth coast, the Seal is part of a three-way team consisting of the boat, a special railway car and the newly-purchased bus that was added to Newfoundland TB equipment last year.

The fall of 1951 saw all three survey units converging on the Corner Brook area—and a total of 14,000 people were X-rayed in two months in the area, representing approximately 85% of the available population. (Over 40,000 X-rays were given in all Newfoundland this year).

By the time the Christmas Seal had reached the west coast district, she had already covered coastal settlements of Labrador as far north as the Moravian Mission at Nain, in co-operation with the Federal Department of Health. Turning south, she cruised into the nooks and crannies of the St. Barbe coast and the Bay of Islands, just as the Association began its all-out survey of the area. Her services are always free—both for X-rays and for the educational programs.

Money for the work comes mainly from the people of Newfoundland themselves—and primarily from the Christmas seal sale which begins this year on December 19. In the coming year, these small stamps will help complete the St. John's-wide survey that began last winter and checked on the health of over 10,000 persons in the capital city.

The seven-year-old Newfound-land Tubersulosis Association began with a hope—and a very small, very inadequate building. Today it has a Sanatorium with 320 beds in St. John's and another with 270 beds in Corner Brook.

And "Christmas Seal" is symbolic not just of Christmas giving, but of an all-year-round free gift to the people of Newfoundland.

CHRISTMAS EVE, THE COURT DECIDED THE CASE OF

The Intruding Cow

by ART JANES

O NE Christmas Eve, when the waters of Trinity Bay were a sea of glass, disturbed only by the gunshots of the hunters of sea birds, and Hant's Harbor was as like a mirror shadowing the dwellings of the South Hills as clear as camera could produce, at approximately 4 p.m. an old gent went around to his wood shed to secure an over-grown piece of wood.

As was the custom in those days, at 5.30 p.m. on Christmas Eve large billets would be laid on the open fireplace and, with a few wets of Old Tom rum, the townspeople would drink to good tidings. Afterwards, they would fire a few rounds of powder to salute Christmas, before returning to their pork steaks that had been hanging on the pot crooks and sending out odorous frizzles.

Un-Silent Night

This night, however, hearing a rumpus from his adjoining barn, the old chap was obliged, first, to investigate. And there he found that his intruding cow had taken the liberty of helping herself from a barrel of meal through the rungs of a ladder set up behind the door. As he entered, she took her departure, with the ladder, hooked and perfectly adjusted to her crooked horns, leaning at right angles over her back. He promptly rang the

fire alarm—which consisted of a few small stones placed in a water pail grabbed from his back entry. His sons and his wife (the first woman to join the patrol) promptly joined the chase—all with the same equipment. They had not gone far with their noisy buckets and their cries of "Here, Rose!" "Come Rose!" (which was the name of the brigh red cow with the extremely high toned bell on her neck and the newly painted red ladder) before they drew the attention of the whole settlement.

Where's the Fire!

At first, the townspeople naturall presumed it was the Fire Department, and joined merrily in the procession which paraded around Capin Cove, up the kelp-path turnpike adjoining Husson's Boulevarde, and back to West Point. Here, the cow was counter attacked. but escaped through the back door of a residence and up the winding stairs, while the confused bucket band played her to the second floor. After removing the remaining part of the ladder from her head, the pursuers were obliged to rig a block and tackle to the ceiling and hang Rose in slings, while they cut out the ceiling below to lower her back to safety.

Then followed the trial by court of law. The important young

man of the community, who in later years became a Magistrate, presided. At that time he had a very great sense of humor, and, to ease the wrath of Rose's owner, he sat, not on the Judge's Bench, but on the one used for milking Rose and, with a hammer substituting for a mallet, with one distinct knock declared the Court open.

They brought three charges against the cow. First-larceny. Second-disorderly conduct on the public street. Third - trespassing in other people's dwellings. According to the evidence given and what he personally saw, the Judge handed down judgment and, in a deep baritone voice, sentenced her: three months, not in the penitentiary, but out pulling wood, for the first offence; one hundred gallons of milk to be paid one gallon per day, for the second offence: to be bound to the peace by a new voke in her stall for the third offence.

And so closed the court case of the hot-headed intruding cow.



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BOOK REVIEWS

Royal Diary

A KING'S STORY, the Memoirs of the Duke of Windsor (Thomas Allen Limited) \$3.75.

Those who remember the Royal Visit of the then Prince of Wales to Newfoundland in 1919 will probably enjoy renewing acquaintance with him in this book, which is his own unbiased story from the time he was a small prince, through the crisis of the abdication, to his final role as the Duke of Windsor. The book is literally studded with pictures and filled with a good many behind-the-scenes anecdotes (the publication of which has brought him a certain amount of criticism) and, while the visit to Newfoundland on board H. M. S. Renown does not take up a great deal of space, the coast of Newfoundland was, as the royal author put it, his "first glimpse of the New World," which "revealed the low, green, misty headlands of Conception Bay." Entertained in St. John's, he was particularly trigued with the triumphal archcomposed of drums of cod liver oil and dried codfish.

The story of the Duke of Windsor is good, fast-moving reading all the way through its 413 pages. The photos are revealing—and many of them are snapshots from the Duke's own albums. Already a best seller, and printed serially in at least one mainland magazine, it is well worth reading.

-A.L

Man of the Month

The Island's Top Soldier

NE of the most interesting and exciting books to come out of World War Two is the book "Eastern Approaches," by Brigadier Fitzroy McLean. The most exciting portion of it concerns the attempt by the Allies to harass the Germans in the Balkans in 1944 by means of military help and advice to the Yugoslavs under Marshal Tito. Fitzroy McLean was in the thick of it, and so for a time was a Newfoundlander. Lieutenant Colonel Joseph P. O'Driscoll, Commanding Officer of the present Royal Newfoundland Regiment.

The Adriatic adventures "Jos" O'Driscoll-as he's familiarly known-were the climax of an interesting career of soldiering that began when he was in his teens. He was born at St. John's in 1899. on the 19th of March, went to school at St. Bonaventure's College and enlisted in the Newfoundland Regiment in the latter part of 1915 as a private. He went overseas early in 1916 and saw action in France a few months after his 17th birthday. He was wounded at Monchy on the 14th of April, 1917, and by 1918 was back home in Newfoundland listed as "permanently unfit for active service." Nothing could be farther from the truth.

Back home, "Jos" O'Driscoll



"Jos" O'Driscoll-The Royal Newfoundland Regiment is his career-and also his hobby.

and his brother Jack, who had been in Scotland in the Forestry Corps, took over the family business on the death of their father, P. C. O'Driscoll, the famous auctioneer. "Jos" was barely in his twenties, and as a veteran immediately became associated with the newly-formed Great War Veterans' Association of Newfoundland. He was Vice-President at the time the second World War broke out in 1939.

In the interval, the O'Driscoll brothers had built up a good business along the lines followed by their late father, and as manufacturers' agents. At the present time, the auctioneering business is conducted by brother Jack, while "Jos" and his two sons, Don and Frank, carry on with the manufacturers' agencies. Son Don himself was a Pilot Officer in the RCAF and spent six years in heavy bomb-

ers, was twice wounded and twice mentioned in despatches.

When hostilities began twelve years ago, "Jos" O'Driscoll, "a fighting Newfoundlander'. was eager to do his part. In 1940 he joined the newly-created Newfoundland Regiment recruited first for Home Defence. Newfoundland had been named a strategic area for defence purposes, and the Canadian Atlantic Command decided to instal several coastal batteries at various points. One of these was at Bell Island for the defence of the loading piers so vital to war indus-"Jos" O'Driscoll was commissioned 2nd Lieut, and sent to Halifax for a six months' course in the operation of coast artillery. At the completion of the course he was posted second-in-command. three months later became Commander of the First Coastal Defence Battery in Newfoundland with the rank of Captain. In May, 1942. he was promoted to Major, and six months later took the whole battery overseas.

Major J. P. O'Driscoll went overseas with the promise he would be attached to the 59th or the 166th (Newfoundland) Regiments, Royal Artillery: But on arrival in England a new regulation had been issued regarding the age limit of Battery Commanders. "Jos" Driscoll at 45 was considered "too

old" to take an active part in the campaigns. But he was determined to see the war through. He resigned his commission in the Regiment and joined the R.A.F. He was commissioned Pilot Officer and appointed to the 125th Newfoundland Squadron as Intelligence Officer.

Volunteering for overseas service from England, Pilot Officer O'Driscoll, Sr., was sent to North Africa early in 1943, attached to the Intelligence Department, R. A. F. F. He was in the invasion of Sicily and of the mainland of Italy at the Salerno Beach Head. From then until May, 1944, he served in Italy, being then posted to Third Forward Fighting Control Unit.

It was about this time that German pressure on the "Partisans" under Tito became so severe that the Communist leader and his staff were obliged to flee the Yugoslav mainland and take refuge on Vis. one of two islands just off the Dalmation coast in the Adriatic that remained in Allied hands. The R.A. F. had two fighting squadrons there, and two units of Royal Commandos assisted in the protection of the guerrilla leader, and also made raids on the other Germanheld islands. "Jos" O'Driscoll, now Flight-Lieutenant, met Tito personally, and took part in these

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raids, bringing back intelligence reports about dispositions of Ger-

man troops.

Tito and his staff had their headquarters on Vis until October, 1944, by which time the battle on the Western Front had forced the Germans to withdraw many of their best regiments from Yugoslavia. Flight-Lieut. O'Driscoll now returned to Italy, to the Headquarters of the Mediterranean Allied Air Force. In January, 1945, he was put in charge of an Allied Prisoners of War Repatriation Unit, mainly RAF pilots who had been prisoners of war in Germany and Yugoslavia.

At the cessation of the German War, the ex-Coastal Battery Commander, ex-Intelligence Officer, ex-Repatriation Officer, got a new job—innkeeper. "Jos" O'Driscoll still recalls with a twinkle in his eye his three months in charge of the "Krumpendorferhof," a lovely hotel near Klagenfurt, Austria, used as a rest camp for Warrant Officers and Sergeants of the R.A.F. Late in the summer of 1945 he came home, after his discharge in England.

Immediately he took up where he left off with the Great War Veterans Association. In 1945 he was elected President of the St. John's Branch, and re-elected each year till 1950 when he was appointed by the Canadian Government as Commanding Officer of newly-constituted Royal Newfoundland Regiment.

During all the years he was connected with the Great War Veterans, Comrade "Jos" O'Driscoll saw on every hand the need for a Vet-

erans' Club, something never had. In February, 1950, he saw his ambition realized when the Veterans Club on Henry Street, St. John's, was opened by the Lieutenant-Governor Sir Leonard Outerbridge. In the meantime the G.W. V.A. had joined the Canadian Legion, and Lieut-Colonel J. P. O'Driscoll was elected an officer of the Provincial Command. Other offices he now holds are Director of the Newfoundland Tuberculosis Association and of the Commercial Travellers' Association.

Well over six feet and every inch the soldier he looks. "Jos" O'Driscoll at 52 is now conducting a vigorous campaign for recruits to the Royal Newfoundland Regiment. No martinet, he still seeks to preserve the great name and traditions of the Regiment, and has recently been instrumental in having a new badge designed for it, based on the historic caribou head of World War One fame. He is justly proud that the Regiment provided the Guard of Honor during the visit of Her Royal Highness Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh last month.

When asked about his hobbies, he says "The Royal Newfoundland Regiment is my hobby," and truer words were never spoken. At the present time he is painstakingly trying to compile the history of that noble regiment from its formation in the 1790's for the defence of Newfoundland during the Napoleonic wars. Just as surely as he was determined to see two World Wars through to the end, Lieut-Col. "Jos" O'Driscoll will finish this labor of love also.

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24

ATLANTIC GUARDIAN

TIM, WHO NEVER KNEW IT, SENT THE BEST

Present For Mary

by RON PUMPHREY

CONCEPTION BAY is a horse-shoe of water, a horse-shoe of hills rises in shelter above it—and in the middle of the bay are three little islands, Little Bell Island, Kelly's Island, and Bell Island.

"I'll never see them again! never!" mourned Tim Wetzel, in his two-room shack on the beach of Bell Island. He lay alone on his bunk, his long grey hair spread on the pillow, his face haggard. The small window not far from the foot of the bunk, framed a tale-telling picture—for it was bright outside, and calm, with the snow falling softly and in heavy flakes.

"A bright moon," the dying man mused. "Almost twelve o'clock...almost Christmas, and no sign of her yet. No sign of Helen in all those years."

Tim Wetzel forgot the little fir tree he had decorated with tinsel, standing on the other end of the kitchen table; forgot, too, the neatly wrapped present under the tree, marked "To Helen."

This was the present he had placed under the tree on eight successive Christmasses, but she had never come to claim it. Each time he had been so sure she would ... "But she'll surely come tonight ... tonight!" he sighed. "Oh ... darling ... you must ... come!"

Over and over Tim Wetzel saw

the date, 1940. And, for the thousandth time, he wondered what had happened to her since that Christmas of 1940 . . . eleven long years ago.

High on the plateau above Wetzel's hut, the mansion of W. B. Mackintosh was filled with gay people and cheery Xmas greetings. Neighbors were in the kitchen and in front of the fire-place in the living-room, and the older men were 'pulling at the bottle' in old W.B.'s own bedroom upstairs.

Suddenly, the door burst open. The youth in the doorway was of mid-height, rather blonde, smiling, suit-case in hand and dressed in a topcoat of genuine camel hair.

"Don, Don Mackintosh! Where'd you drop from!" some one called.

Don dropped his suit-case dramatically, grabbed Bill's hand, pumped it; threw his arm around Tom who was standing gawkishly nearby, and, in confused enthusiasm, called: "Merry Christmas, Joe!"

"What were you arguing about when I stormed in?" queried Don Mackintosh, finally, seeking to shake off the embarrassing focus of attention. "Not old Tim Wetzel on the beach?"

"Yes," answered Bill Jennings. 'I believe he's dead."

"Dead?" Don's mouth stood open. Then his eyes suddenly lit up and he forgot the old man. "Mary!" he cried, "Mary!" He HAVE A REAL



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brushed through his companions and caught her up in his arms. "My darling Mary!"

The dark - haired, blue - eyed beauty shrieked good naturedly. "Oh Don, put me down," she called. Don dropped her, kissed her on the lips and she blushed.

An hour later everybody in the house had joyously greeted Don, even old W.B., his father, sobered with the surprise.

Don was happy... but briefly. When he left the house finally and walked down the cleared path through the snow, he pictured Mary as he had left her, crying. Why did he have to tell her the news so soon!

But, when he had been so enthusiastic, and he had seen no harm in it. True, she had begged him to stay in Newfoundland to do his writing. "There's plenty of material here for a writer," she had pleaded over and over again in her letters. In those letters, too, she had begged him to return for Christmas. "Maybe then we can get married, Don? What do you say?"

But now, back in the house, she was crying, because he had told her he was going away again after Christmas. To Australia this time. "Just think, Mary," his enthusiasm had prompted, "think of all the color and material Australia has to offer a young writer!"

Mary had tried hard to smile. "But Don, Don . . . you . . . you . . . you . . . should stay here in Newfoundland. It . . . it's a writer's paradise. And we . . . we could . . ." But she couldn't go any further. She had cried from the simple,

feminine heart of hers and had ordered him from the room.

Don wasn't at all surprised when he found himself half-way down the semi-circular road leading to the beach. It was then he thought of Tim Wetzel, and though he had never seen the man before, except from a distance, he quickened his steps and, on impulse, walked toward Wetzel's cabin by the base of the cliff.

When Don creaked open the plank door of Wetzel's shack, he was taken aback by the stillness.



The lamp on the kitchen table was almost burnt out; the Christmas tree near it, small though it was, reflected a grotesque, witch-like shadow which covered the wall and part of the ceiling.

And then, from a wooden construction on the wall . . . a bunk . . . a weak voice broke the stillness. "Helen . . . it's you Helen. You're . . . here!"

Don moved closer. He wanted to turn back and run. It was then he saw the man's white face, haggard though utterly blissful, the closed eyes, the tears which trickled through.

"Darling . . . you, you came. Oh . . . I knew it . . . Helen, hold . . . hold my hand!" The voice was as a child's full of love and helplessness.

Thinking he held his beloved's hand, the dying Wetzel talked on.

Don wanted to run for a doctor, but, at the least attempt to take away his hand, the dying man would grip it, vise-like, and beg: "Please . . . stay, I waited . . . so long!"

And Don stayed. He listened attentively, though sometimes he had to do it/ with a bent ear to the man's mouth.

He sorrowfully recalled the time Tim Wetzel had written Helen from England, just two weeks before Christmas, 1940, saying he wouldn't be home until summer. Her disappointment was great and she left for England. Tim was in London, at the time, but he didn't know Helen was coming. He left for somewhere in the Mediterranean, for a war was raging and Wetzel was part of it.

Four years later, back in St. John's, Helen's boarding house mistress told him she hadn't heard from Helen since she left for England.

There followed the violent bout of drinking the doctor had warned him against.,

And, one day, he came out of a dream-world and found himself living in a shack on the beach bordering the front of Bell Island. Bell Island, his home-town!! How he and Helen had loved to frolick in the sands of the beach when they were young!

For the next half decade he kept to himself: he did a little fishing, accepted lunch scraps from pier workers.

The dying man's hand suddenly tightened on Don's. He was dead.

An hour later Don Mackintosh had cleared the snow-covered meadow and was knocking at Mary's door.

Her mother came out.

"Upstairs," she smiled understandingly at the breathless young man.

And moments later he was holding her tear-stained cheeks in his palms. He kissed her. "I'm back to stay, Mary. Back to stay—Merry Christmas, darling!!"

"Oh, Don," she whispered, "it's the best present I've ever had!"

And on a tombstone in a secluded graveyard in Sussex, England, Helen's name was being covered in with drifting snow. The words: "Died, Christmas Day, 1940" had already been blanketed, almost lovingly.



Picture Windows - at Goose

O igloo squats outside the main entrance to the Goose Bay R.C.A.F. station, but the air base on the supply route to the Arctic is as snowy these days as a Christmas-card-come-to-life.

Once, when a youngster sent off her yearly fan letter to Santa Claus, the quick-thinking post office actually hustled it off to Goose Bay Labrador. And there the airmen had a problem on their hands—until they hit on the solution of writing back to the youngster and informing her that, due to the fact that the mail was late, Santa had already passed through the base before they could catch him. They were, however (they informed her on official stationery) trying to contact him with her order.

Although it shares the 53rd parallel of latitude with Edmonton and Liverpool, there is a feeling of "down north" on the Labrador base when the Northern Lights dance in the sky and the small, pointed spruce trees are powdered with snow. St. John's newsmen had a foretaste of a White Christ-

Christmas Card Country

mas as early as October when they dropped down out of the sky in a DC 3 for a 24-hour look-see at the little-known little-publicized Canadian base on Newfoundland-Labrador territory—on invitation of the R.C.A.F.

In the school-yard of ultramodern Robert Leckie School, school-children were already hard at work at snow battles with the first five inches of snow, and obligingly included the newsmen in the thick of it when a friendly but misguided reporter tossed a snowball their way.

Christmas gifts at the station—along with the Chrismas turkeys

Labrador - by air





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and trimmings—will be flown in by airlift with the rest of the supplies from Montreal and St. John's. Milk comes in powdered form—and so does the ice cream for the Christmas puddings, but Goose-ites eat well.

The wartime baby of the Canadian Government today is a functional, peacetime base, set on its low plateau—which it shares with the Department of Transport and the United Staes Air Force—and looking out over the valley and the blue hills of the Hamilton River area.

There is little or no contact with the native population of the coast—at government request, because of the susceptibility of the people to disease. But the mercy planes of the R.C.A.F. and the hospitals, both American and Canadian, at Goose have saved more than one Labrador life. And the flying doctor or nurse aboard has been an all-year-round Santa.

Temperatures zoom in Goose Bay in summer, but for the winter months at least, Goose still looks like Christmas card country.

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A mechanized Santa Claus, and his henchmen, bump and joggle along outport Newfoundland roads to spread as much cheer as St. Nicholas and his reindeer ever did.

Santa of Newman's Cove

by DON W. S. RYAN

S ANTA will come anyhow.

Don't worry.

When there's not enough snow around for the sleigh he'll find another way out as he did in Newman's Cove last year.

In this fishing settlement he found a truck belonging to a business man, someone to drive it, and someone to help him get the apples on board. Then away he went, visiting the neighboring c o v e s, greeting the folk, and dishing out apples hand over fist.

It was the first time he made his appearance in this way. And it was because of the generosity of a business man who caught he spirit of Christmas and sent Santa out to spread it abroad to the folks.

The impersonated Santa was an old friend of the folks in the Bonavista area. He has played the role so many imes that now at Christmas — well, he's just naturally Santa, that's all! And it doesn't take much red flannel and white fur to put him in the jovial mood that is his trademark!

Folks in the Newman's Cove area will be on the look out again this year for the truck, the red tunic, the holly red apples and the Santa Claus on wheels!



Michael Harrington, the author, is a Newfoundlander born and bred, whose published volumes of poetry, "Newfoundland Tapestry" and "The Sea is Our Doorway" were described by E. J. Pratt, poet and critic, as "breathing the genuine seair of Canada's newest province."



Lukey's Boat

"O, Lukey's boat is painted green, Aha, me b'us,

O, Lukey's boat is painted green, The prettiest little boat ever you seen.

Aha, me riddle I day . . ."

EVERYONE in Cold Harbour knew Lukey Bryan's boat. Not that it was painted green when most boats in Cold Harbour were white or black or shadings from one to the other; but because it was painted such a bright green. There was no grass, no tree near



Cold Harbour as green as Lukey's boat; nor in Newfoundland neither said Tom Joseph Stone, who'd been around.

It didn't matter. Lukey

Bryan was proud of his boat, and why not? He built her himself.

From keel to quarter-board from thwart to thole-pin, she was his handiwork. He had built her in the winter out of wood he had cut a year before on the back of Rainy Pond hauling it out by horse and catamaran to Sam Raymond's sawmill. Yes, Lukey Bryan was proud of his big, green skiff; more than that—he loved her. Old-timers though he was too fond of his boat; they said he'd rather die than let anything happen to her.

Lukey was an odd sort. He had fished with his father for years—from the day he was 12 years old till the day he was 21. Then he just quit; said he was going on his own; told his young brothers to go fish with their father. Lukey hadn't much money but he was a

determined fellow—almost stubborn. So he built his boat, with his own hands in his own time and in his own way. He went in to St. John's and bought the best engine he could get, brought it home with him on the coastal steamer and installed it himself. He was proud of his boat; from enginehouse to fore-cuddy she was his masterpiece.

"O, Lukey's boat got a fine forecutty,

Aha, me b'ys,

O, Lukey's boat got a fine forecutty,

And every seam is chinked with putty.

Aha me riddle I day . . ."

Fishing can be a very dirty business, with 'gurry' and 'slub' on the planking, and dried offal on the gunwhales, but Lukey Bryan kept his trap skiff so clean and wholesome that when the 'townies' came up from St. John's in the summer. Lukev's boat was always in demand for Sunday excursions to the Round Hill Islands. But every other day Lukey was alone. He fished cross-handed as the Newfoundlanders say. It had its advantages-a man could change his ground at will-and its disadvantages: when there was a good 'run o' fish,' a mate could help a lot. But that was Lukey's way and it was just as well.

Perhaps some of you remember the big gale of August, just before the war, when a northeaster came out of nowhere in spite of the forecasts which do not always tell the right story on the coasts of an island stuck out like a sore thumb in the North Atlantic. Most of the Cold Harbour men were out on the grounds from before daylight. A lot of them came in about noon, well-fished, but Lukey Bryan with no one to help him stayed on. It's an extraordinary thing the way the northeaster comes in mid-summer. It can be a beautiful day, shimmering with heat, and a gentle westerly fading to a molten stillness. Vast cumulus clouds tower like mountains in the fairy blue, and the earth seems ready to go asleep.

Then suddenly—as though a blind was hauled down in a sunlit room—a darkness falls on the land and the sea. The sky turns to lead, the sea to slate, the wind comes off the water with an edge to it, and a shrillness that makes one shudder. The foam flakes blow. The rest of the Cold Harbour boats got in before the gale rose, but Lukey Bryan was far out on the Red Ledge, and he had a 'hard

punch' to get in. He made it, though to the harbour mouth. where now the sea was in a tumult between the cliffs and the 'sunkers,' He might have driven his skiff into the Black Gulch and got ashore, but his boat would have been demolished.

So he set her straight for the roaring channel, where already the bottom was going dry in the curl of the heavy seas, and he drove her. On came the big green boat, startling green in the waste of white foam and gray sky. Her undersides were painted red, and her bows came out of the smother like a red mouth, gasping for air. The watchers could see Lukey Bryan in his yellow oilskins in the well abaft the engine-house, holding the bucking tiller and squinting through the mist of spray above the rocks. And suddenly the boat was in the tidal race and a great sea went over her and she was lost to view for a long, unbearable moment.

But she reappeared, shooting out

of the water like a bright, green arrow, into the comparatively smooth, lagoon-like harbour. But Lukev Bryan was gone. for her decks were swept as clean as ever Lukey had swabbed them when his catch had been thrown upon the stagehead. They never found him either and they towed his fine, green



boat to the 'collar' near the Bryans' stagehead, and there she lies to this day; because they say no boat is worth a man's life, not when he gives his life in that fashion.

"O, Lukey's boat is painted green, Aha, me b'ys . . ."

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THE NEWFOUNDLAND MUMMERS MADE MERRY DURING

Ye Glde Time ze Christmasse

by MICHAEL F. HARRINGTON

DOPULAR comment on pre-Christmas activity 15 Christmas preparations begin too early. That appears to be a modern conclusion with no foundation in history. In the olden days, in Newfoundland, preparations began about the time of the full moon of November. Livestock and poultry were killed, and enough wood was cut and hauled to last until Old Christmas Day. All homes had open fire-places where the biggest log of all, the Yule Log or 'back junk' as it was called locally, was placed. It was put well towards the back and was intended to burn all through the Christmas Holidays.

Hams 'n Puddings

In these big, open chimneys hung hams, black puddings, and herrings to be cured by the woodsmoke. Painted canvas was unknown in those days, and the kitchen floors were covered with sawdust or fine sand from the beach. The women spent days polishing the dishes and tinware until they were burnished and shone like fairy palaces. Christmas was recorded by the firing of sealing guns all through the village. After a reckless expenditure of powder the big, seven-foot 'Poole' guns were put

away on racks in the kitchen ceiling or over the fire-place.

Yule Logs

The Christmas Fire was then lit with a spark falling on specially-prepared tinder, and the striking of a flint on steel. During the Christmas Season, a blazing brand from the 'back junk' was thrown over the ridge-pole of the house to protect all within from fire during the coming year.

"Train-oil" or cod-oil lamps supplied light in the kitchen; candles were reserved for the parlor or for lighting the way upstairs. In the night everybody trooped off to certain houses which had the reputation of being 'good Christmas Houses', with extra-large kitchens for dancing an Eight-handed Reel, Cotillion, and Sir Roger or Country Dance. These kitchens also served as a stage for the 'mummers' or 'janneys'.

A feature of the 'mummers' visit was an old English folk play which included amongst its characters many of the mythical and actual figures in the world's history. This play was performed in parts of Newfoundland less than fifty years ago under the title of "Soldiers Acting at Christmas." The writer has proved by actual re-

Sunset at Port au Basques

In the near lands you can hear Murmurings of repeated prayer, Sounds of shuffling, bedward children, And chimes of church-bells—here and there.

And on the seashore, hear the wavelets, Hear their soothing, seeping sound? And in the country hear the !eavelets? Hear the wild life settling down?

Or catch the distant wail of Keenan; Perhaps the closer hoot the owl! Twilight is a time of leisure God gave us to find our Soul. Then the blissful moments passed . . . Oh what dreams the Dreamers had. So the skies were once more sober, So the Heavens once more sad.

Yet, as if to lie my saying.

Sparkling, twinkling — lo! a Star!

Gleaming Hope of God's fair Heaven,

Shining, winking from afar.

There! the moon is slowly rising—

For what more joy could a mortal ask?

So the sunset spends is splendor

On the hills of Port aux Basques . . .

search that the Newfoundland play is a definite version of the famous English "St. George" folk plays of the Middle Ages and was last performed in Lutterworth, England, in the 1860's.

Leading characters were Santa Claus and St. George, the Turkish Emir. Dr. Faustus or Beelzebub, a Clown, and supernumerary characters included every outstanding personality in the news or in history, depending on the locality where it was played. Literary-minded people may be interested to know that the great English novelist of the West Country "Thomas Hardy" uses the St. George or Mummers' Play in his novel "The Return of the Native." Since most of the early Newfoundland settlers came from Dorset and Devonshire, it is not surprising to note that the extracts of the folk play used by Hardy bear a marked resemblance to Newfoundland versions of the Christmas play of St. George.

'Colorful' Characters

Naturally, the more vivid and colorful the imagination of the actors the more fascinating and spectacular were the costumes of the mummers. Sometimes they wore dark pants with colored stripes down their legs, white shirts and fancy sashes about their waists. They had high conical hats with ribbons and tassels, like 'dunce's' caps. Their 'rig-outs' would remind one of the motley and garish garb of a Court Jester or "Fool." Hence the Mummers were often called "Fools." They carried "swabs," a bladder, blown-up like a balloon and fastened to a stick. with which they belabored the passers-by. They wore masks imported when possible; otherwise they were homemade and guaranteed to be grotesque and unique in every respect.

The most frightening apparition amongst the Mummers were the

"Hobby Horses." The actors wore the wooden or canvas figure of a horse's head over head and shoulders, and fastened under the armpits. By pulling a string, the horse's jaws would open and shut, with a fierce, champing sound that struck delightful terror into the hearts of the fascinated youngsters who crowded around the capering "Hobby Horsemen." Judge Prowse, the eminent historian, relates how proud he was as a boy to shake hands with the leader of the Mummers of "Master of the Revels" as he was called, a title that is full of historical associations and con-Needless to say the nections. "Fools" had the freedom and hospitality of the house they visited. for they brought their music to the dances, and in many cases included a fiddler or a flute-player.

The Wilder Element

However, at times, factious elements in the population took advantage of the disguise of the Mummers to perpetrate acts of violence. This was particularly so during election times when feeling ran high. In 1851, the House of Assembly outlawed the custom of mummering when a man named Mercer was killed in Bay Roberts by mummers. The custom vanished from St. John's and Conception Bay, but farther north the habit survived. Since there were no further reports of acts of violence, the authorities apparently closed their eyes to the goings-on.

St. John's had many advantages over the outports in the successful featuring of the various Christmas festivities. Cake and poultry raffles held sway, sleigh driving was an accepted sport; on Military Road near Bannerman Park, two rinks were located and every night during the Holidays, these were crowded. The cash merchant had his coach and pair, and a fur-coated coachman sitting in the driver's seat, in which he drove to the nearby Inns and Taverns. Imagine the panting, steaming horses, the bright-colored sleighs, the furclad occupants, the jingling harness, tinkling bells, snap of the whip, and joyous shouts on the frosty air . . . like something off an old-fashioned drawing or a Christmas card.

Cake Raffles

Later in St. John's, a local company opened the Parade Rink on Harvey Road, and John Foran opened his rink on Prescott Street. The cake and poultry raffles were the talk of the town. Lash's, where the present Arcade Store stands and Toussaint's, on the site now occupied by Guardian Press, Ltd., were the mecca of the Christmas crowds. Foran's and McKay's also had raffles, but on a smaller scale. lucky person who won Lash's huge cake was the hero of the hour, and people would stop on the street to look after him.

Poultry and fresh meats were abundant and sold at half today's prices. Vessels were continually going and coming between Prince Edward Island to firms like Clift's and Pitts' bringing cargoes of fresh meat, fruit and vegetables which were sold at the ship's side or at the auctioneer's at prices so reason-

able that the poorest family could buy the best of Christmas dinners.

Christmas Boughs

Another feature of the season was the custom of erecting arches of green boughs and trees. This was done by the Societies, which also held parades with a brass band if they had one. Then there was the famous custom of "Hunting the Wren or Wran," to the words of the following verse:

"The wran, the wran, the King of all birds,

On St. Stephen's Day was caught in the furze,

Although he was little his honor was great,

Rise up, landlady, and give us a treat . . ."

And "treat", of course, in a good Irish brogue, was pronounced as if spelled "trate." The procedure of "Hunting the Wren" was as follows, generally, although it likely varied in different sections. A wide fir bough was procured and one side of it decked with many colored ribbons. In the centre of the bough was placed a dead robin, backed by a piece of red cloth. The robin substituted for the wren which is not known in this country. The one who carried the bough was always a boy of 16 or

17 dressed in the most ragged clothes obtainable.

Another custom no longer heard of had to do with fish, also on St. Stephen's Day. No family with any pretensions to 'quality' or in any way religiously inclined, would dare eat meat on St. Stephen's or Boxing Day. Fish was the required eating—especially salt codfish, and elaborate recipes for its preparation were in existence. "The old people knew a delicacy" as one writer has put it.

Local Traditions

While the same customs were in existence in widely-separated parts of Newfoundland, with each community ringing local changes on the main tune, there were many areas which had peculiar traditions of their own, stemming from the origin of the inhabitants, English, Irish or Scotch. Thus at Trinity, we find that the art of Church decoration had progressed much farthem than in most outports, by the 1850's.

On Christmas Eve a large quantity of boughs (principally of pine but with spruce and fir intermingled, also some palm) were brought to St. Paul's Church by the sexton and his family. The old man made a hole with a gimlet in

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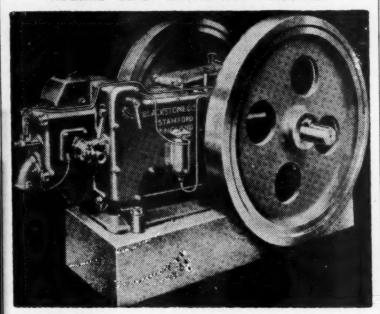
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the top of the long, high pews, the pulpit and the reading desk, together with the communion rails, and began to "dibble" into the said hole, sprigs of pine and fir. This resulted in the Church having the appearance of a mass of greenery and this was left until the day after New Year.

Holidays Were Holidays

The expression the "Christmas Holidays" meant just what it said. For the twelve days from Christmas Eve to Twelfth Night, business was simply suspended, and people went from house to house, and from house to Church, praying, drinking, feasting and singing and dancing. The "Mummers" of those far-off days held the centre of the Christmas stage, and they were as different from the followers of the modern cult, as a sculpin differs from a flounder. The real 'Mummers' of yester-year were men of importance in the community, and to be in the cast of the Mummer's Play was equal to being a top-sawyer in the woods or master of a cod-seine skiff.

But times have changed. painted canvas has driven the sawdust and sand from the kitchen floors, the Franklin and Waterloo stoves have caused many of the great, open fireplaces to disappear, and take with them the dog-irons. the cottrels and the settles. Hallstoves and oil-burning furnaces have usurped the Yule Log or "back junk", but we still have the thrill and excitement of winning a Turkey at the raffles. Everybody nowadays talks about the 'commercialization' of Christmas, but possibly that is a remark which each generation passes about the preceding one.

A Passing Age

But it must be admitted that some of the essentially simple, medieval atmosphere of Christmas have indeed disappeared, and, as time goes on, more and more of the picturesque aspects of "Ye Olde Time Christmasse" are vanishing—possibly forever.



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ATLANTIC GUARDIAN



Santa by Airlift

'Twas the Night before Christmas And all through the house -

A NYWAY, all through Newfoundland, youthful eyes are beginning to look skyward for the first glimpse of a rotund little old man in a red suit—who may just possibly arrive not with eight tiny reindeer but with one business-like helicopter.

He is becoming as much a tradition as the original model who drove the reindeer—this mechanized Santa Claus who is sponsored by the Junior Chamber of Commerce in St. John's, rides an "airborne eggbeater" provided by the U.S. Naval Base at Argentia, and completes his mission with the thorough approval of no less a per-

son than the Commanding Officer of Pepperrell Air Force Base.

Before his descent from the skies, Mr. S. Claus usually makes a practice of dropping around at the Ernest Harmon radio station, VOHF, to answer his fan mail by radio—and the small station shortly looks as if it had been caught in a blizzard of letters.

In mid-December, he takes to the air for his yearly appearance at the joint U. S. Navy-Air Force— Marine Coast Guard Party at Argentia—transferring from plane to a fire engine for the final lap of the trip. Youngsters from the neighboring communities of Fresh-





Santa Claus had a special greeting for Marion Hawco (left), youthful Newfoundland polio victim, during one visit to the annual McAndrew Air Base—U.S. Naval Station Christmas party. Over 1200 children attended the party. December is the children's month—and a Santa Claus bearing gifts is an essential—and very, very delightful part of it. Although this Newfoundland Santa has deserted his reindeer for a heliocopter, he does not forget to bring along the traditional pack of gifts for his Pepperrell visit (below).





One of Santa's all-civilian stop-overs last year was Bannerman Park where 1500 children turned out to see him. And it was their big day, as they crowded over, around and on top of each other to say a pre-Christmas "hello."

water. Dunville, Placentia, Jerseyside, Southeast Arm, Bond's Path and Point Verde don't fool about the welcome they give him—even before he starts delving into his pack.

In St. John's any day now, he will be a familiar sight as he comes drifting down out of the sky for a three-point landing at Pepperrell and maybe other points in the capital city. Fifteen hundred eager children turned out for him at

Bannerman Park last year—and more hundreds awaited him at Victoria Park and Ayre Athletic Grounds.

One youngster opened his eyes wide as the red-coated old gentleman with the pack came along. "Santa," he queried, "are you from Canada?"

Santa, reportedly, mumbled in his beard. (In reality, he was a sergeant from the North East Air Command.)

Christmas festivities on most of the American bases of the Command overflow from the military quarters and make Christmas a little more gay for the surrounding communities too. As Christmas week approaches, gifts are being forwarded to such places as the Boys' Home and Training School on Bell Island and to needy families in other communities: donations go out in the mail to local youth organizations, and sometimes the civilian club on the base will bring in visitors from "the outside."

But by far the most spectacular of all the Christmas personalities is the airborne Santa Claus who rides out of the sky in a helicopter.

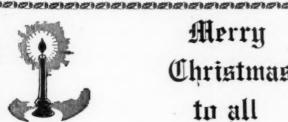
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Call of the Wild.—When the hunting season descended over Newfoundland this year, one wilv old moose from the interior had it all figured out where the safest place would be. With the hunters taking to the bush, he took to the town, and the people of Grand Falls were a little startled one morning to look out their windows and see the antlered forest monarch casually loping down the main street of their town—window shopping, obviously!

Lightly Toasted.—There is still much of the picturesque in Newfoundland outport speech, when you can find glasses raised with this toast—

"Here's t'ards 'ee!" says the first gray-haired outport fisherman

And the acknowledgement, with a slight bow-"I nods accordin"!"

Convention Quip.—The annual convention of the Newfoundland Lumbermen's Association was progressing in Grand Falls when, about noon, the Grand Marshal rose to his feet.

"I move we adjourn," he said—and immediately was on his feet with a second motion—that refreshments be brought to the afternoon session.

The chair promptly ruled it out of order to make two motions in such quick succession.

"In that case." said the Grand Marshal promptly. "I withdraw the motion to adjourn!"

Seven League Boots

Our New York correspondent herewith continues his impressions of his native outport in Trinity Bay. This is the second of several articles based on his trip "home." The others will appear in successive issues.

by RON POLLETT

THIS was my first trip back in three years. Not fourteen, as the radio news had it; no real Newfoundlander with close relatives at home stays away that long—unless he's sick or broke or too stingy to spend the fare. I've paid out a lot of hard-earned dollars running back and forth the thirty years I've lived abroad and it's bought me more fun than many a millionaire ever had. After all, you only live once.

The first thing that strikes you about your home spot is how it's shrunk since you were a boy. The same house you remembered as big and roomy is now a dog-house with the ceiling crushing your head. The long lane is short now, the gardens smaller, the steep hill only a grade, and the high paling fence that challenged you as a youngster seems no obstacle at all in your new perspective. The seven-league boots you're wearing now are, of course, the result of living in a bigger place.

That's why my home harbor

seemed cozier than ever—something you could swim across before breakfast. True, it's only a mile wide and the same in length, but it was the whole world to me on time and the world is big. It still looks about the best place I've ever seen.

The Goats

Well, to get along with my story, the first morning I strolled out into the village last summer, there were about twenty goats rendezvoused in the clearing where our lane enters the road. That was my reception committee, I gathered. The conquering hero in storybooks rates bands and bunting, and ovations from the populace. All I got were the goats.

The nannies this morning were hot on their toes to welcome me back. They pranced and danced and bleated for all they were worth. The three williams in the herd were particularly rambuctious. Rigged out in chin whiskers and long curved horns, they capered and bucked like the Three Stooges in the movies.

Their stage for this event was a grassy knap with a couple of big rocks and a stumpy leaf tree in the center. It looked an ideal goat park where the can-eaters might rest and chew the cud at sunset after a hard day on the village dumps. But no—here they were in the morning, kicking up their

heels in greeting to the long-lost exile.

One billie was big, the other two small. No sooner had I hove in sight than the big one stanced himself atop a rock like a king on his throne, a monarch of all he surveyed. This arrogance evidently riled the others, who promptly joined in cahoots to depose him.

Now those two could just as well have reigned from the other rock and no questions asked; there was room for everybody. But not second fiddle for them! Instead, they straightened out like ramrods and bolted the big fellow clean off his perch.

He appeared nonplussed, but quickly regained his aplomb, whatever that is. Then he meekly took the other rock, himself. And the same thing happened! Their antics kept the herd in stitches—anyway, in turmoil. That's where the dancing and prancing and bleating came in.

For ten minutes the three made the rounds of the rocks time and again. Finally I could see the big one getting good and mad. The show was grating his nerves.

He looked strong enough to pile-drive the others into the ground. In fact, I expected he would do just that. But did he do it? No. He turned scut and shot himself into the innocent tree instead. And what should the others do but follow suit!

Now I have always considered the goats pretty smart cookies. They can forecast bad weather better than Gander and rarely get caught in the rain. They seldom get bumped by a car; one taximan told me they have eyes in their sterns. And if they do eat the inky labels off tin cans it's only because they want to lick the paste off the tin, and the label gets in the way to begin with. But here was a paradox—I mean, here were three goats beating their heads against a tree.

I couldn't get it at all; it was the same as Don Quixote fighting the windmill. So I consuited the old gentleman who meantime had come by to lean on the fence with me and to watch the show.

"That's a cut goat," he said "That's why he growed so big and strong."

I pondered that a bit. Here was a new wrinkle that might explain the odd behaviour. I thought how some males in India let their hair and beards grow in order to attain great strength and stature. And then I thought about Samson and Delilah. And then I came back to the goats.

"But I mean—why did the whole bunch of them ram into the tree?"

"Just stupid, I guess. Looks like the big one is mad about something."

"That could be," I said. "And what with one thing and another, he's got a reason." But I let the old man ramble on.

"Those altered goats is strong as oxes. The boys use 'em for randyin' the slide in winter. 'Minds me last year I seen a youngster with one tackled up haulin' two sacks of flour and the path was soft. 'Come now, boy,' I chastises, 'that's a cruel load.' 'If you thinks so, Uncle Bill,' the boy says back,

Baby of the Month



"Cute 'n cuddly" is our Baby of the Month for December-Paulette Myra Greene of Lamaline, who now lives at Isle aux Morte. Daddy -Mr. C. Greene-is principal of the Anglican school there and, far from being impressed with "teacher", Myra takes a great deal of delight in such frowned-on practices as playing with water, running away whenever she can get the chance-and then laughing impishly as she is doing in the picture. She also has a few choice sayings up her puffed sleeve-her favorite one being, "Dirty flies are full of germs. I am full of sense!"

'you don't know this here goat. Just you jump on top of the flour and he'll randy you, too.' Well, sir, just to satisfy myself, I got on—and I'll be durned if that goat didn't randy me over the grade as if he was a pony."

"And on top of that, you could turn around and eat them," I laughed. "In my day we only

had dogs."

"Dogs cost \$5 a year license now. And \$25 for a bitch."

So that was why the nights were so silent in our place, as I mentioned in my first article: I thought there was something missing! Come to think, the only dogs I'd seen so far were the lap kind and one pointer and one mongrelhere where there used to be howling all night. This license business was something new-since Confederation, no doubt. The oldfashioned Newfoundlander, notoriously slow with a dollar, was of course cold molasses buying such outlandish things as a bit of brass to pin on his pup. But I was talking about goats.

I was intrigued by their odd psychology. As a writer, little things like that bother you. So when I went to visit my sister who lives on the other side of the harbor, I joked about the wonderful reception I got in our lane. That was a nice way of introducing the subject, I thought. My sister should be an authority on the animals; she's had them in her farm family for years.

Well, I didn't find out what I was after. But I did learn maybe why there are so many goats on the Avalon Peninsula, and that's

something! I asked her how many she had now and what for goodness' sake was the use of them anyway.

"I've lost count," she said. "Maybe as many as twenty. When the boys was small the milk came in handy, especially in the depression when, God knows, we needed the meat too. But now I have no use at all for the goats. Every fall I make plans to kill them off, but then the boys don't have the heart. You know, the goats have kids every spring and the kids ramble into the kitchen every time I leave a door open and the boys make a fuss over them, especially young Ted do, and I can't say I hate them either after having them around me for years and the young ones do look helpless and we all cry when one gets poisoned with goweathy. They're no good except to eat up hay in winter, except the big one the boys tackle on to the slide to randy with-but the boys just don't have the heart and their father is away working most of the year and I don't think he could kill a goat either. So they just run wild all summer and I guess it was my goats that welcomed you home.'

So there you have it: the caneaters are pets, sort of. Somebody loves them even if they're only goats.

But don't mind my sister; she can talk the leg off an iron pot. She's one of these uninhibited, ever-loving souls of whom the outports are full. They struggle hard over the years, rearing large families, raising gardens and cattle, carrying the world on their back.

Then finally when they can fix to rest easy, they can't stop.

Sure, my sister, like hundreds of her kind these days, can afford to forget the back-breaking chores and sit crocheting in a cozy corner the rest of her life. She can have permanents and lipsticks and nail polish and. God forbid! open-toed shoes, as far as the money's concerned. But as it is, her whole existence thrives in pooking hay, spading potatoes, fondling turnip greens, and nursing carrots and doing any other of the hundred jobs that need attention indoors and out and at the same time worrying about her children, who are old enough to fudge for themselves now. And on top of all that she has to keep goats!

And no one can holler she's stuck with it all, because I've seen contentment on her face and contentment is what counts. Somehow I like that kind of enthusiastic person and, as I've said, the woods is ful of them in Newfoundland.

Now where was I? Oh, the goats. I never did find out why the crazy things that started me off on this tangent smashed into the tree. The readers are fortunate I saw no dogs, hens, sheep, horses or cows at the foot of the lane my first trip out in the daylight.

The Oldtimers

But I did meet many familiar faces, needless to say, up and down the road on the corners and in the shops. This is of course the most interesting part of a visit home—greeting and being greeted by the people who float about in your

memory. No one can work up a better finger-cracker of a handshake than a village Newfoundlander. And nothing can make you forget when it's dinner time so much as chatting with the corner crews you knew when you were a youngster.

Many of those I met were old men when I was a schoolboy. Now I looked once more into the aged faces with the suntan cheeks and leathery skin dipping into the shirt collar. I contrasted their outdoors physiognomy with the sickly pallor of people I know upalong in the city. These old villagers do look the picture of health, but then again you wonder if it's only the crisp brown crust on a loaf that dunch inside—whether they really feel as fit as they look.

I wondered, too, how anyone reared mainly on fish and potatoes, bread and tea can build up a resistance to the ravages of time that takes him into the eighties and farther. City people boast about the good food they have aplenty, then fall apart in their sixties.

Then I concluded there might be something, after all, in what I've read somewhere: how the skin stores up body-building vitamins from the sun and fresh air and dispenses them as needed. If that's the case, then there are boatloads of vitamins stacked up in these sunburned hands and faces! In other words, it may not be the so-called outport sandwich itself (a roasted caplin between two beachrocks)) that supplies the nutrition, but the fact it's eaten outdors.

About the seacoast village ozone, it really does smell good to anyone

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DECEMBER, 1951

from New York. "That good old Newfoundland air" is more than a figure of speech; it's a tonic. I was actually conscious of breathing last summer, especially after reading this in a New York newspaper:

"President Truman told the world recently about America's new terrible weapons. We have a new and even more horrific weapon to offer our country. Just have the scientists bottle up the New York city air and drop it on the enemy. This gassy, carbon monoxide smog could end any war in a few days. Imagine our foes' massed armies waking up with the combination migraine headache, backache and dead-on-your-feet feeling which is the natural heritage of every pollution - breathing New Yorker."

It's hardly so bad as all that, of course. There are plenty of healthy people, old ones too, in the cities. But what I'm trying to say is that maybe the bracing air and the sunshine have a lot to do with the way the old fellows I met go around snapping their galluses.

It took me a couple of days to complete the handshaking. After that, there was nothing left but the fishing. Fishing is another good thing that beckons me home.

The Cod

I'm a born codder. My Uncle Bill took me out on the cod grounds in his rodney, handed me a hook and line and said go to it. I had so much fun I've carried the picture in my mind ever since. One thing I've always owned is a codline.

I dug it out now. The handliner's perfume—Stockholm tar—was still on it. I had my father rig it up with the special codhooks I bought at Macy's—nylon ganging, no less!—and he said that no mistake the fish around here would feel proud to be hooked on an out-fit like that.

Then I looked to hitch a spot with some handline crew starting out before dawn. (The fish are there all day, but a real codder can't wait.) But I soon discovered I was living in the past: scarcely anyone around the Avalon gets up that early any more. And only an odd diehard was mauling cod the hard way, and he in a rowboat to boot.

I wanted a motor boat to get to the far grounds and the big fish. I finally got wind of a couple of dude fishermen who usually wasted time playing sea trout on light tackle and spoons in the harbor. I baited them with tall talk on the manly sport of handlining. We started out one afternoon—the time of day sensible codders use for sleeping.

That crazy Newfoundland weather! The night before, the driving north wind had been lifting the shingles, and the linoleum on my bedroom floor got so cold to my bare feet I had to skip to bed. Now at noon the harbor was a looking glass and the blazing sun shot the thermometer on the shop window to a sizzling 110. The two tyros and myself headed out to sea.

The ground swells flowered the headlands like white horses dashing along the shore. The hot sun beat me down to my shirt sleeves. Onward and outward we puttputted under the blue sky, the only boat on the ocean.

"Leave everything to me," I bubbled. "I know a perfect spot I learned from my father. It's a little-known ridge in the deep bay and just the right depth for fishing this time of year—23 fathoms, give or take. The whoppers come here to feed. Sure, it's a ways off but you could go to Labrador and back on a day like this!"

My hook was aching to be baited and I baited it. Finally I motioned to stop the boat. This was

the spot, all right.

I had a regular 50-fathom line. I paid it all out. No bottom! The others raised their eyebrows.

"Any earthquakes around here lately?" I alibied. "The ocean bottom does change, you know. But it could be I made a mistake in the marks. Thirty-five years is a long time. Anyway, I know another place just as good."

So we headed back nearer shore and shut off the motor to try again. The weather still was perfection—not a stir in the air, not a ripple on the sea. The horizon was so clear you could almost see across to Ireland, and the whole world so still you imagined you could hear the tom-toms beating and savages shouting in Africa.

The Roundheads

And presently we did hear tomtoms and shouting. But you'd never guess what it was! So I'll have to tell you.

Up the bay from our place is a whaling station, one of the very few on the Island. When whales are scarce the two chasers that operate there scour the bay for round-heads instead. Roundheads are porpoise-like mammals from ten to twenty reet long with heads the shape of tarpots. In fact, they're locally known as "potheads" and are actually stupid enough to be called that in the dictionary.

Well, when the whalers locate a school they don't usually waste effort on harpoons. Instead, theyjust two small boats on the wide sea, mind you-maneuver the silly potheads into a small cove. All it takes to frighten the school into a threshing, scurrying mass are a battery of booming drums and a chorus of huzzahs from the crews. Cornered in a cove, there's nothing the roundheads can do to escape the awful din except to commit suicide. This they do by beating their brains out on the rocks or grounding on the beach.

Their heads are full of oil, as might be expected. They are padded al over with fat, like a whale.

So we did hear tom-toms. The odd procession passed us by, right over the spot we had just left. I have since heard the Atlantic Guardian was in the front line taking pictures of this never-ending Battle of Trinity Bay. That I want to see when it finally comes out. So will you want to see it.

Meantime we three were all catching fish. This second berth had placed us right on the heads of the whoppers. As for me, seeing a live cod again was the next best thing to shaking hands with my father. Really, a big cod fresh from the cold ocean is so clean looking it sparkles, especially on a

day like this when even the duncolored drop line was a chalk mark in the bright pale-green water.

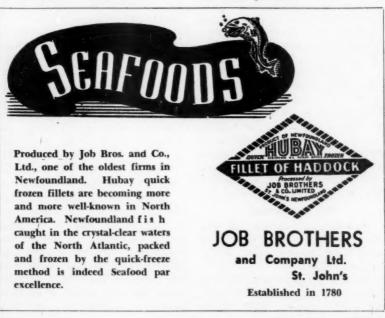
Here we caught the "breeder," the biggest I ever saw handlined. The fellow fishing midship hooked it and it's a wonder he ever got it up; it was the kind you have hold of but seldom get. But he knew enough to give it line when it started to bore down half way from the bottom and not let it tear the hook out. We others stood ready with the handgaff and the boathook. A fish pulling that hard is never caught until safely aboard.

It weighed 50-odd pounds. Its mouth was so large the big blob of bait on the hook in its lip looked like a crumb on my father's mustache. It made the rest of our catch, respectable fish though they were, look like tomcods.

I forgot to say it was one of the amateurs, and not the big-shot fisherman himself, that put the boat "on the heads of them." He said it was a spot his grandfather revealed to him in a dream, but I believe he was only kidding, or else making fun of me, and actually hit the place by accident. Anyway, I have the landmarks in my head for sure this time and I'm not telling anyone either.

Oh, yes. The gentlemen fishers though codding as much sport as trolling for trout. That's what I've been telling such fellows for years. Yet there are scores of villagers around Avalon who never dip a codhook all summer long!

Ron Pollett continues his interesting impressions of village life in the January issue.





Hand in Glove With His Highness by DOUG SMITH

SHAKE the hand that shook the hand of royalty. Yessir, this little old scribe not only shook the hand of His Royal Highness Philip, Duke of Edinburgh, but had a good five minutes confab with him about Newfoundland.

You have all seen pictures of this tall, well set-up young husband of our future queen. To see him is one thing. To meet Philip the man is another. Take it from here he's a regular guy and likes his Newfoundland.

How did this twenty-seven fifty a week plus all the subscriptions I can sell reporter, get to talk with Philip the sailor? Simple and ingenious. I was asked to attend a reception held in his honor at the Crows Nest. And, being a brilliant character . . . I accepted.

The Crows Nest is the haven where all the Allied navy officers hibernated when they were tired dropping ashcans on Nazi submarines. Over hot toddies they would talk about the big ones that got away.

On the wall of the Crows Nest is a framed copy of a feature story we did about them some time ago. Philip expressed such interest in the story that I was yanked along

to explain more about this Atlantic Guardian.

The Duke was so enthused that I was on the verge of trying to sell him a subscription, when I figured that perhaps the boss wouldn't like it. So I sadly shrugged off a sure-fire commission as a bad loss.

Figuring this opportunity to meet Philip wouldn't happen again, unless I was conscripted, I badgered him with a few pertinent questions.

"What did His Highness think of Newfoundlanders as sailors, and did he have any experience with them during the last war?"

He said, "From my experience and reports received from other naval oficers, I have little hesitation in saying that they are truly excellent sailors." He concluded that they played a very valuable part in winning the last war.

Switching to sports, his face lit up. He had enjoyed the N.H.L. hockey games that he saw on the Mainland. The sport was exciting and exhilarating although the rules were strange to him.

He was sorry to learn that cricket was no longer played in Newfoundland, "Cricket," said he, "is a truly great game. While it might lack some of the bodily contact thrills of other games, it makes up for a lot in that it teaches players to be good sports. This training was invaluable to a man in competitive business life. I think that any sporting world has lost a great deal when it loses cricket," he said.

By this time the whole mob had gathered around Smith and the

Duke. On a chair overlooking the crowd was a Navy cameraman trying to get a shot of us two.

Did you ever have knowledge that a camera was pointed at you and you try and look unconcerned? Naturally you are by then a hail, hearty fellow well met sporting a permanent smile and praying to Heaven that the camera will click and relieve this frozen face of yours.

Once the camera clicked and the flashbulb was a dud. Again I rearranged the wrinkles on my face. Another pose, another click . . . and another dud bulb.

By this time I was getting panicky. A third smile. And then
. . . and then someone tipped me
on the shoulder. I turned and as
I did the camera flashed.

Today, some other face smiles in this picture with the handsome Duke. All you can see of Smith is his back.

Ah well, I still have the hand that shook the hand of royalty.

Perhaps I'll get that framed instead.

Jubilee for a Message

The following item appeared in the St. John's Evening Herald on Thursday, December 12th, 1901:

"On Tuesday afternoon, Signor Marconi sent up a large kite at Signal Hill to test the velocity of the wind and make other experiments. Yesterday, although the top of the hill was enveloped in fog, a balloon was inflated, four wires and a rope were attached and the affair was then released. The balloon ascended rapidly but the breeze was too strong and it was carried well in over the land.

"Just before the operator thought of bringing back the balloon. a sudden heavy breeze swept it down towards the earth, and almost as suddenly died out. The balloon went up with a jerk when the calm came, and snapped off everything holding it, then soaring away into the dense atmosphere beyond vision. Fortunately Mr. Marconi is provided for such losses and has other balloons to send up. He resumes

operations today and hopes to pick up some large ship in mid-ocean and establish (wireless) communications."

So well had Marconi kept his secret that no one in St. John's. and few people elsewhere, knew that he was trying to receive wireless signals across the Atlantic Ocean. He had given out that he was trying to establish communications by wireless with a ship passing a few hundred miles off St. John's. But the fact was that just about the time the "Evening Herald" was setting up the above item for its issue of Thursday, December 12th, 1901. Marconi was receiving on the top of Signal Hill. the first Trans-Atlantic wireless It came shortly after message. noon from Poldhu, in Cornwall, and the signal was the letter "S" of the Morse code. "S" for "Success".

This month is the Golden Jubilee of Marconi's first message.

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The Bottle on

Powder Horn

It might not be Matterhorn, but there is something about Powder Horn at the neck of the Avalon Peninsula which calls out the explorer in a few Newfoundlanders who have gone either shooting or fishing near Come-By-Chance.

Perhaps it is the view of both Trinity and Placentia Bays you get from the top: more likely it is the fact that it is really hard going to get there, over burnt-out country, with only one hard opproach to the top, but, whatever it is, men have gone there.

Powder Horn is only 950 feet high, but don't let that fool you, it's tough to get there! How tough? Well, at the very peak, there is a glass bottle beneath a



The top — and success for climber Geoff Holden, amateur climber of Newfoundland and one of the few who have scaled the Powder Horn.

cairn of rocks, and inside that bottle, the amateur climbers who have reached the peak write their names. At the latest report, there were only a dozen names in the bottle.

The Powder Horn derives its name from the shape at the top which is said to resemble an oldfashioned powder horn.

-JACK WHITE.

The Petticoat Retreat

(From "St. John's" by Lyn Harrington in Imperial Oil Fleet News)

After the enthusiams of the French Revolution, the Newfoundlanders had reason to fear invasion. Six hundred men, the beginnings of the Royal Newfoundland Regiment, were trained. They stretched a cable across the harbor mouth from Chain Rock to South Fort (Amherst). Nothing happened for a couple of years. Then one day seven French ships-of-the-line, five frigates and sundry small fighting vessels appeared.

The Admiral gulped. He could not risk a paval encounter—he had only two ships in port. So he slapped unforms on them in full sight of the French telescopes. He even conscripted the ladies. Several hundred women sacrificed modesty by donning soldier's pants for the defence of their homes.

The ruse was effective — the French took off for a less defended place !

Expatriate with a Nose for Salt

by PHIL SHACKLETON

I T'S not easy to keep track of all Newfoudlanders who leave the Island to seek their fortunes in others parts of the world. Few of them go seeking praise or public acclaim and quite often the native sons later come to light through accidental discovery.

The case of Melville William Thistle is typical. Here is a man who hasn't spent much time on the island since his family left during the twenties. But when he received a promotion and new appointment at the National Research Council in Ottawa, a brief announcement from the Council made special note that Thistle was born in St. John's.

The appointment in September raised Mel Thistle to the public relations branch of Canada's biggest scientific research organization, a duty which consists largely in seeing that Canadians are kept well informed on what their own scientists are doing in the laboratories.

Born in 1914, he attended the Methodist College in St. John's and remembers well such teachers as Miss Fanny Babcock. His father, W. J. Thistle, was chief mail officer on the S.S. Caribou, and, for the sake of convenience, his family moved in 1926 to North Sydney the Canadian terminus on the



St. John's born "Mel" Thistle today is a key man in Ottawa's National Research Council.

Caribou run. It was here he attended high school.

In 1932, Thistle enrolled at Mount Allison University, Sackville, and graduated in honor chemistry in 1936. While continuing there for his master's degree, he did some teaching and acted as editor of the Argosy Weekly, Mount Allison's student publication.

One of Thistle's proudest moments as a Newfoundlander came through the humiliation of the Montcalm, at that time Canada's recently launched crack ice breaker. But, on her first voyage, the pride of the ice floes was frozen in, and it took the old S.S. Caribou to break her out.

Living at North Sydney, Thistle became very fond of the Cape Breton, country, and, if pressed he'll admit it's almost as beautiful as Newfoundland. Even so, his happiest days then were spent conducting Cape Breton fishermen around his native island, showing them what real salmon fishing was like.

After university, Thistle came directly to the Canadian government's National Research Council. This was in 1938, and when rejected by the armed services, he spent the war years in biological research.

Important projects at that time were war projects and Thistle was concerned with new ways to dry eggs and preserve bacon for easy shipment overseas. Battle casualties required blood transfusions and Thistle also did research to determine the ideal temperature and conditions for preserving and transporting human blood to battlefront hospitals. As a result of his bloody work, some of the boys around the lab still call him Dracula!

Later Thistle was responsible for writing reports and publications on research work being done. Concern for reporting scientific developments at that time was not very great, but Thistle and others have done a great deal of work to emphasize the importance of keeping both the layman and the manufacturer in close touch with the laboratory.

As reports increased, Thistle was called on for more and more such assignments, until, this fall, he was made assistant public relations officer for NRC. Now, he sits down to a desk with reports to be written for 23 different laboratories, reviews of current research work, annual reports from the different divisions of the Council, as well as



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popularly written reports for use in newspapers and magazines.

Working with words is Thistle's major interest. "Canada can't spend \$20 millions on research work without telling the Canadian people what is being achieved. That's where I come in."

When Mel Thistle first came to Ottawa, he found himself restless and dissatisfied. He didn't know what was ailing him. It wasn't lack of company or friends. It wasn't lack of entertainment or recreation. But there was something missing, something that was important to his pattern of living.

Then he spent a holiday back home. That was it! "No matter what the scientists say," he maintains, "the salt does get in your blood. It's in mine, and it was missing that salt air that first made me so restless in Ottawa."

"The lab technicians here say it can't be done, but I won a bet a while ago when I said I could smell five beakers of water and pick out the one with salt in it. They say it's difficult to even taste a solution that has only fifteen parts of salt for a million of water. But I did it and won the bet."

"No, that salt air makes you feel good. And you can't get it from fresh water, no matter how badly decayed the seaweed is!"

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